

Street Magic

by PhantomKat7

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Summary: An Auror assignment lands Harry Potter in the middle of Paris. He didn't expect help from two superheroes.

1. Chapter 1

Paris was the City of Lights, a city of culture and wonder, but Harry Potter could only scowl at the beauty before him. Seeing tourists milling from one coffee shop to another with their face-breaking smiles just reminded Harry how little sleep he had gotten this past week. He fixed his frown into a less-threatening bored expression that he hoped would pass unnoticed.

Jasper Beck was the name of the dark wizard that had dragged him from London to the heart of Paris in an infuriating chase through Europe. Harry turned the name over in his head, though after repeating it countless times to reactivate the tracker charm he knew it as well as his own. Beck was as malicious as they came. He took glee in picking his torture victims at random and actively hunted in new areas for the thrill of it. It was only after he killed five that Harry managed to track him down.

Then he slipped through his fingers in an alley in Essex.

The shame of letting Beck escape burned under his skin. Harry had spent this last year as an Auror proving that he was competent not because he was the Chosen One but because he got his assignments done. Now this assignment was threatening to hurl him back into the eyes of the skeptics and naysayers.

Harry crouched, pretending to tie his shoe, only to bring out his wand from his coat pocket. The tip burned a bright orange that signaled Beck was within five miles of him. Harry waved it until the glow brightened when pointed to one particular place: the Louvre

square.

His steps quickened. The faster he got Beck back to London the faster he would be back home.

Tourists milled on the vast expanse outside the museum. Harry marveled at the Louvre Pyramid smack dab in the center of it all, then promptly began to walk around. Through the translator spell Harry renewed before leaving the hotel he caught snippets of conversations. He had his ears perked for anything that sounded magical. While Beck had been gallivanting around Italy Harry had caught him communicating through a mirror with someone in Paris about arranging accommodations of some sort. The fact that Beck had stayed in Paris for two days now told him that things weren't panning out well for him. Harry hoped to cash in on that inconvenience.

Conversations came in and out of focus, half from tourists that he couldn't understand. Realizing that his tourist façade was slipping Harry got out the book of Paris sights he had bought yesterday and flipped to a random page, pretending to read. He relaxed the tension from his shoulders and loosened his stride until his boots weren't so loud. Harry snuck a peek at his wand, but its glow merely stayed bright. Beck was in the area. Exactly where was the question.

The people around the courtyard proved useless. Harry found himself drawing closer to conversations involving black cats and ladybugsâ€ Beck's signature was transfiguring his victims into animals when he grew bored of their pleasâ€ only to draw back when the context proved to be too weird, even by wizarding standards. Superheroes? Parisians loved their comic books, it seemed.

When Harry ended up under the same lamppost where he had taken his book out he let himself be guided to the nearest entrance of the museum: the Porte des Lions. If Beck wasn't outside then among the exhibitions was his next best bet.

Sun turned to shadow, and tourists were louder than ever when crammed into one building. Harry picked his way to the front. "One admission?" the man at the information desk asked, his English coming out stilted and robotic through Harry's translation spell.

Harry put on a smile and fished his fake London ID. "Oui," he said, because the spell only worked one way. The thought of constantly renewing two translation spells on top of the tracker charm brought on the beginnings of a headache.

The man gave his fake ID a cursory glance and gave it back. "I guess the English like the Louvre on Mondays," he joked, still in French.

Harry latched onto that little nugget of information and grinned back, resisting the urge to cast a look at his wand. Instead he melded into the throng of tourists, letting himself be led through an exhibition of African and Asian art. When his wand didn't glow any brighter Harry exited the exhibition and walked the hallways of the ground floor.

The art was beautiful, he concluded. Magic was wonderful and truly revolutionary, but the imperfect yet perfect strokes of oil on canvas

and the chips in the statues were something truly unique that spells couldn't replicate. Enchanted portraits back home were perfect. They captured the essence of the person and left little to the imagination. After a decade in the wizarding world it had become rather dull to look at.

Harry wandered from one hall to another, book in one hand, the other hovering over his coat pocket. When the familiar chill of magic ghosted up his spine he surreptitiously checked the tracker charm by making a show of looking at the hall map. His wand glowed fiercely when he turned towards the staircase leading to the 1st floor. With practiced ease Harry maneuvered through the crowds of tourists making their way up.

This new floor was twice as crowded. Tourists clumped together and headed for one particular piece: the Mona Lisa. Harry only had to stumble along a couple of feet to spot the attraction he had come to see.

There, near the benches at the far wall, was Beck. Despite the dress shirt and slacks he was wearing Harry recognized the crude haircut he had given himself back in Italy in an attempt to lose him. Beck had his back towards Harry, the uneven brown hair sticking up at the nape of his neck and the sides of his head. He was talking to a man just as well-dressed but equally as shifty. Both of their shoulders were hunched to deflect prying eyes.

Harry clutched his book tighter and ran through his plan. If he could manage to sneak close enough he could Stupefy them with the muggles none the wiser. After that it would be a simple message to the Parisian wizards he had met on his first day. They weren't much for backup, but they seemed adamant in collecting the wizards. Something was better than nothing, Harry supposed.

He picked his way through the floor, this time reaching into his pocket to grip his wand. Tourists walked around him, most crowding around the Mona Lisa and paying no mind to the British man with a weapon in his pocket.

"You're going to need more money than that, Jasper, if you want to get out of the country." The French man, even through his stilted translation, sounded smug. Harry had a clue as to whom the money was going to go to.

"Seriously, Marcel? More than what I have right now?" Beck grumbled in translated French. He lowered his voice and leaned in; Harry took the chance to get closer, using a clump of statues to hide behind.

Marcel humorlessly chuckled, and his eyebrows shot to his blonde hair in feigned surprise. "Your situation isn't cheap. If you want my help then you're going to need more money than that."

Beck muttered something else. Harry pretended to consult a plaque of a display a couple of feet from them, and he shifted so that his left ear could catch more of the conversation.

"Can I help you, sir?" A man came to his side at a brisk pace.

Harry turned a bit quicker than a normal person browsing a museum

would. He took in the man's uniform, name tag, and the strained smile of professionalism. The curator's eyes flickered to Harry's pocket. Harry cursed himself for not being as discreet as he could have. "Just looking around," he said in a near whisper, hoping that Beck was too far to hear it.

The curator pursed his lips and reverted to shaky English. "If you need help then please don't hesitate to ask." A slight narrowing of the eyes that only Harry's Auror training managed to detect. "Were you interested in any specific collection?" A practiced phrase, no doubt.

Harry now wished the Parisian wizards hadn't been so stingy with their help; a distraction would be pretty nice right now. "No, really, just looking around."

"Are you British?" The question was definitely louder. Harry raised a placating hand, but the man did not lower his voice any. "If you're British then you would like the collection brought in last week."

"I'm sorry, but—" Harry chanced a look behind him.

He made eye contact with an equally shocked Beck.

Harry whipped out his wand, but Beck and Marcel were already up and running down the stairs. Harry shoved past the curator and followed. Landing on the ground floor Beck threw a blast that knocked down a statue. Harry tumbled out of the way, only to hit a couple backed up against the wall.

He rolled to his feet and into a run before they had a chance to scream. "Sorry," he said in passing.

If there was going to be a fight it couldn't take place in a museum crowded with muggles.

Beck and Marcel ran past the entrance and outside. When Harry stumbled into the courtyard he was pleasantly surprised that people were already running away, though some stayed on the sidelines with their phones out.

"Stay clear!" he told everybody because at this point there wasn't much need to stay inconspicuous.

A flash of light from his peripheral, and Harry ducked to avoid a curse that hit the side of the building. Harry aimed a Jelly Legs jinx. Beck blocked it with a counter-jinx and fired his own back. Harry dove to the side.

"Just give it up, Beck," Harry yelled. He stood up and aimed his wand, squaring his shoulders and spreading his stance for optimal balance.

Then the sound of a distant explosion shook the ground, and the sky behind the Louvre Pyramid became tinted with red. Air became riddled with a strange magic that made Harry's wand vibrate in his grip.

Beck moved to attack, but Marcel gripped his arm. He looked from the

tinted sky back to Harry with a conniving smirk. "Why fight when you can run?" Mirth filled his accented words.

Harry lurched forward, but Marcel muttered a French spell that blanketed the area in smoke. Thick and suffocating Harry waved his hand, straining to see the two figures. He saw them, Marcel pulling Beck along towards the source of the explosion.

* * *

><p>The more blocks they passed the greater the thrum of magic Harry could feel running along his nerves. French spells gone awry? Another Auror battle? However the closer they gotâ€” and why was Marcel leading them there in the first place?â€” the more Harry doubted it was as simple as that. Overturned cars and blown-in windows were steadily becoming the new Paris.<p>

Another explosion. Parisians brushed past them in what Harry could only describe as controlled chaos. There was little screaming, no crying, but their footsteps still beat with the mad dash for safety. Harry shoved past them and tried to take aim at the two wizards just ahead of him. Beck trailed along, eyes flicking from Harry to the sky. He was just as lost as he was.

Harry's wand found a new target. "Wingardium Leviosa!" The crushed convertible was lifted then thrown with a flick of his wrist. Beck and Marcel skidded to a stop and backed up as the car tottered in front of them, then slammed back to the ground.

Another blast shook the ground. A voice from overheard yelled out, "I will have you respect the art of gambling, even if I have to beat it into you!" Inhumanely loud it shook Harry's translation spell.

Ignoring the burst of pain at his temples Harry wrenched his head up and saw a figure leap from the building across the street and land effortlessly on top of a lamppost. At first glance he might have been a wizard; the colors were certainly garish enough. However he threw projectiles, not spells, and he wore a form-fitting suit instead of wizarding robes. Spades, clubs, hearts, and diamonds decorated his suit and brought back memories of playing solitaire under the stairs.

The stranger straightened from his crouch. An ashen face underneath a black domino mask looked up and smirked over to something above Harry's head. With a red-gloved hand he tipped his fedora to a foe Harry couldn't see. "Care to gamble those pretty earrings of yours?"

Whoever this person was he radiated an unsettling power that made Harry step back. Definitely not a wizard. Another voice, coming from above him, broke the heavy silence. Again Harry felt his translation spell waver, threatening to break. "Stick to poker chips, Card Master!"

Something red zipped towards Card Master, but he flipped back onto a window ledge and fired two cards from his hands. Harry jumped behind a car as the cards hit the building and the windows above his head shattered. Through the clatter of falling bricks he heard his targets make a break for it. He vaulted over the car and fired a Stupefy that

glanced off a lamppost. Harry gritted his teeth and took aim again.

The red thing zipped by on his right, and this time it brought someone with it. Lithe and small she couldn't have been older than fifteen. They locked eyes, Harry gaping all the while. Her suit was a blinding red made tolerable by a pattern of black spots. Behind a spotted mask the girl's blue eyes widened in horror. Then she shook her head, and Harry felt surprisingly strong hands on his shoulders. "You need to run!"

Spells cut through his thoughts, and Harry shrugged her off to cast a Shielding Charm with a sweep of his wand. The girl watched the spells ricochet and vanish into thin air. Ignoring her gobsmacked gaze Harry scowled at the wizards and stood. He was jerked back by a tug on his arm. The girl locked him with a suspicious gaze that crinkled her mask. "Who are you?"

"Found a friend, Ladybug?" Card Master asked from his perch, appraising Harry like a new toy his parents brought home. Cards materialized in his hands, and he flipped one between his fingers, its edges smoking.

Ladybug gripped her weaponâ€" a yo-yo?â€" when her eyes landed on Harry again. Harry felt an incredible magic around her, good but strange in a way he couldn't put his finger on. "No time to explain," was all he could reply. Confusion set aside for nowâ€" though those Parisian conversations about animals suddenly made senseâ€" Harry nodded to the dark wizards. "My job is to arrest those two."

Harry clutched his wand tighter and ran headlong towards Beck and Marcel. They both fired curses. He rolled and felt one nick him in the leg. There was an instance of burning, and it rolled up his thigh to settle there. Harry flared but pushed on. He saw them running down the street.

Above him more explosions; at his back the shattering of glass and walls shook the street. The tell-tale sound of Ladybug's yo-yo broke through the blasts. Harry heard another young voice filled with the same magic weave into his awareness. "Time to fold and give up for good!" A clang of metal, and Card Master went flying back into Harry's line of sight.

Marcel took the opportunity climb on top of a car and shout into the battle raging overhead, "Card Master!" He pointed to Harry with his wand. There was no curse, no jinx, just a spotlight under Card Master's demented gaze. "This one here is in league with Ladybug and Chat Noir. Did you not see how he protected her?"

Harry should have taken the chance to attack, but frankly, he was transfixed by the surge of power that Card Master radiated in his rising anger. The cards in his grip grew a blinding red that bent the air around them with heat. His lips curled into an animalistic sneer that showed nothing but teeth. He saw nothing but Harry. "You dare get in my way?!"

Ladybug and a black figure he could only assume was this Chat Noir landed on the street. Chat Noir began to slink towards Harry protectively. "The fight is with us, not him," Chat Noir shouted and brandished his staff. His black-clad body was taut, ready to

leap.

Card Master regarded the two of them. Both hands displayed smoking cards. "I'm only playing with the cards fate dealt me." With a flick of his hand he fired.

Harry yelled out another Shielding Charm, but the explosion still sent him skittering on his back. For a moment he couldn't catch his breath. Harry sat up and saw Marcel hop down to join Beck, dragging him along. His plan was put into action; it was time to make their escape. Harry struggled to his feet and found clawed hands helping him up.

"Are you alright?" Chat Noir asked him. His eyes, slitted and glowing an otherworldly green, looked him over for any injuries.

Harry rolled an ache from his shoulder, sparing the bell Chat Noir wore around his neck a curious glance. "Fine, fine." There, Beck and Marcel looking for a path that wasn't blocked by debris. He had to get moving.

Card Master fired another card that hit the street and sent pavement raining down on all of them. Chat Noir reacted with inhuman reflexes, adjusting his grip and twirling his staff above them to deflect the worst of it. "Make a run for it!" he yelled above the sound of the hailstorm.

Harry ran with one arm over his head. Beck and Marcel were rounding the corner, weaving around mounds of debris and making them nearly untargetable. "Stop!" What else could he say? He was going to lose them, perhaps for good. Harry brought his hand back for another spell, but a burst of cement in front of him sent him flying back. Card Master landed in front of him and pointed one card at his neck.

"Oh no." Anger twisted his sneer into a growl. "You're not getting away that easily."

His card was knocked away with a yo-yo smack. Harry could do nothing else but scramble back to the heroes. His wand was no trained on Card Master.

Ladybug turned to him, her yo-yo returning to her palm. Chat Noir came up beside him and followed Harry's gaze, the leather ears on his head twitching. "Criminals?" he guessed.

"Yeah." Harry gritted his teeth through the burning sting that still lingered in his leg. This wasn't good at all. "Real dangerous blokes."

Chat Noir bit his lip, then turned to Ladybug with a set jaw. He gripped his staff with the strength of a made decision. "Stay here, My Lady. I'll get those criminals back. They can't be allowed to run amok in Paris."

"Chat!" But he already loped away, jumping over one of Card Master's attacks and going down the alleyway Marcel and Beck had taken.

Harry ran after him, wand out and eyes trailing the tip of Chat Noir's leather tail as it rounded the corner. Magic light spilled

from the alley entrance. Harry skidded to a stop and saw Chat Noir already jumping out of the way of a spell. Marcel took a step back and aimed again. For the first time since Harry had the misfortune of meeting him there was caution in his eyes.

So these superheroes had a reputation. Good to know.

Chat Noir lowered himself into a defensive stance, balancing on the toes of his boots. Beck drew his wand out. "What are you guys?" Chat Noir exclaimed. "Magicians?"

"Wizards," Harry provided, stopping at his side. "Some of us are better than others."

"Now don't be like that, Potter," Beck quipped with the sugar-sweet tone that turned Harry's stomach. "We should just agree to disagree."

"We're all equals here," Marcel put in. His next condescending smile was directed at Chat Noir, his wand beginning to rise.

This time Harry took his chance. "Expelliarmus!" Marcel's wand flew over his head and went skittering behind Harry.

"Why you little—!" Chat Noir's staff punched him in the stomach, and Marcel stumbled back with a pained grunt. His feet found purchase, only for him to be thrown back when the staff extended.

Beck brandished his wand, but Chat Noir used his staff to vault himself behind him. His staff shortened into a baton that was put up against Beck's throat. "I suggest you come in quietly," Chat Noir suggested. He began to walk back, dragging Beck with him.

A scuffle, but Harry Stupefied Marcel before he had a chance to crawl away. The man fell over with a thump. Harry went over to him, wand already starting the first flick of Incarcerous.

Beck's voice floated from behind him. "Maybe you should learn to keep your hands to yourself, kitty cat."

Harry whipped around— why did he leave a kid alone with Beck?!— but it was too late. Beck managed to twist his wrist from behind his back and aimed his wand directly in Chat Noir's face. A flash of light, a strangled cry, and Beck barreled past. Harry swiped at him but missed.

"Beck!" he yelled. Frustration like he never felt before boiled in his blood, and he thought his wand would break under his white-knuckled grip. Harry tore after him.

Silence made him stop, and, cursing his luck, Harry turned back around.

A very confused black cat stared back.

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><p>I have never written Harry Potter fanfiction and only occasionally read it, so I apologize if anything seems too

inaccurate. Obviously I'm not following the Harry Potter timeline since it's 2016 but Harry is around 20 here.<p>

This was a quick prompt by /r/fanfiction at reddit, though it turned out longer than I thought. Honestly this was just an excuse to write cat!Chat. I'll have the second part up soon.

2. Chapter 2

"Oh no no _no," _Harry muttered, rushing over to what had been one of Paris's superheroes. A startled hiss confirmed that, yes, this victim was actually alive. At least Harry had that going for him today.

Chat Noir backed up, fur standing on end. The same feline eyes from before, much smaller now, took his towering frame with widening pupils. Harry pocketed his wand and raised placating hands. This was not how he wanted to spend his day, but there was little he could do about it now. Harry slowly knelt down. "Hey, it's alright. I'm not going to hurt you."

Chat Noir met his stare. Panic gave way to a steely resolve that reminded Harry of other battle-hardened teenagers with magic powers. Again Harry showed him his hands. No wand. No threat.

Coiled muscles marginally relaxed, then he took a look at himself. Four legs instead of two. Sleek black fur instead of a fitted suit. Harry saw Chat Noir's eyes steadily glaze over in shock with every new discovery. Eventually he let out an anguished meow that made his whole body sag.

Harry felt a pang of guilt. Aurors dealt with dark wizards so civilians didn't suffer. "We can fix this. It's just magic. You guys use magic, too, right?"

At the word Chat Noir perked his ears and hesitantly nodded. He cast a glance at the alley, maybe for his staff, walking around with unsteady steps. Twice he tripped over his own paws, but he stood up and refused to look at Harry. Pride held his tail erect and his chin high.

Leaving him to his practice Harry turned to Marcel's unconscious body. He had half a mind to kick him in the side, but he reined in the tantalizing urge. He was an Auror for a reason. "Incarcerous," he said instead. Rope flowed from his wand and tightened around Marcel's body. Maybe it was a bit too tight. Maybe it wasn't. Harry let it be.

A blast that rattled the windows reminded him that there was still a battle going on. Chat Noir hissed and made a run for it, but Harry blocked him with a foot. Chat Noir jerked and landed sprawled on the floor. Harry didn't move his foot. "Get in there and you'll be mincemeat."

Chat Noir glared up at him, but the look he shot at the street was filled with a concern that made his whiskers quiver. When he was sure the cat wasn't going to run Harry straightened and said, "I'll help her out. It's the least I can do. But," he added with a pointed glance down, "you'll have to stay here. Watch, but don't get

involved. Do you want her to worry about you on top of defeating that villain?"

Because Harry knew how that could turn out. He'd seen it so many times during the war. Chat Noir pinned his ears back and nodded in understanding. He righted himself and sat down, curling a twitching tail around him.

"Right." Wondering how he got himself in the middle of a superhero battle Harry took out his wand and ran into the crescendoing cacophony of explosions.

Card Master had Ladybug cornered against the wall of a crumbling building. Ladybug twirled her yo-yo, clearly winded but stiff with adrenaline that squared her shoulders. Harry caught her eye. Her yo-yo faltered as he yelled, "Stupefy!"

The spell hit Card Master directly in the small of his back, and he crashed to the ground. Cards dropped from his hands and evaporated. There was a moment that Harry thought it was over, but then the body stirred; Card Master growled low in his throat. Ladybug grabbed Card Master by the shoulders and flipped over to send him hurtling across the street.

Landing in a crouch Ladybug spared Harry a glance, and a worried frown flickered when he was the only person she saw. Then she smoothed it out with a quick shake of her head. "We need to rip the card on his hat!"

Harry didn't question her. He'd been out of his element ever since Marcel led him into the midst of a super powered battle. Rolling with the punches he ran through spells that he could use against someone who could shrug off a Stupefy.

Ladybug shot her yo-yo. Card Master threw a handful of cards, and even as she tumbled out of the way her yo-yo weaved underneath the flurry and struck him in the chin. His head snapped back. Harry shot off another Stupefy that brought him back to the floor.

"You sure are a tricky one." Card Master threw up cards that reflected both Harry's next spell and Ladybug's yo-yo. Invisible strings lifted him into the air, his barrier pulsating as the cards began to sizzle. "But see if you can handle this!" He sent the cards shooting in all directions, and Harry and Ladybug scrambled to take refuge behind an overturned car.

Lampposts fell. Pieces of concrete flew and landed nearby. While Ladybug kept an eye on a levitating Card Master Harry snuck a peek at the alleyway. Chat Noir was right on the edge of the sidewalk and looking ready to hyperventilate.

A call of "Lucky Charm!" snapped him to reality, and he saw the yo-yo fly up from the corner of his eye. A spotted, plastic disk fell into Ladybug's hands. By the time Harry recalled the toy from the depths of his muggle childhood Ladybug was already crouched on top of the car. "Okay," she told him slowly, blue eyes taking him in with no small amount of hesitancy, "you're going to have to trust me. I need you to get to the side of Card Master and reflect the frisbee at him when I tell you."

A nod. Then, "He's okay," Harry told her when her stare lingered. "But let's take care of this first. The card on his hat, right?"

Ladybug narrowed her eyes, and Harry belatedly wondered if she knew English. But then she bit her lip and jumped back into the fray with a call for him to follow.

"If you want my Miraculous you're going to have to do better than that!" Ladybug yelled.

Harry vaulted over the car as Card Maker fixed his attention on Ladybug. She flipped back to avoid another card shot. Through the red flurry of her spinning yo-yo her eyes tracked a silent Harry. As Card Maker raised his arm to summon ammo Ladybug threw her frisbee with a sharp, "Now!"

"Protego!"

The shield materialized in front of him, and the frisbee collided and ricocheted back. When it knocked Card Master's hat off Harry could only shake his head in wonder. Such accuracy had to have some kind of magic involved.

Ladybug plucked the card from the fedora and ripped it. A black butterfly flew out, and with her yo-yo she sucked it up in a flash of light. "Bye bye, little butterfly," she said when the butterfly, now white, was released. Her words fell flat, just like, "Miraculous Ladybug!" when she threw the frisbee in the air.

This time Harry felt his ears pop; the translation spell shattered under the pink magic swirling as far as the eye could see. Cars were fixed and put back in their proper places. Windows and walls were rebuilt in the blink of an eye. Ladybug went over to Card Master, now just a normal guy in normal clothes, exchanged some words, and sent him on his way down the newly-fixed road.

"Huh." Harry rubbed a shoulder and stretched. He didn't ache nearly as much anymore. Even the pain in his leg dwindled into an annoying twinge.

Relief was short-lived. Ladybug strode over and bombarded him with French. The name "Chat Noir" came up every other word, so he was pretty sure what it was all about. Harry motioned for her to follow him while he racked his brain for the translation spell. When he didn't hear her footsteps Harry looked over his shoulder. The hesitancy was back, along with a stubborn set to her jaw.

"He's alright," he repeated in slow English.

Ladybug snapped back in broken English. Through the mess of superheroes, weird French magic, and a problem he hadn't predicted Harry snatched the translation spell from his mind and quickly cast it. "Okay, what was that? In French."

She gave his wand a glance then said, "Who are you? And where's my partner?"

People were starting to filter back onto the streets. "Follow me, okay?" Mistrust still had her a good distance away from him. Harry

took a deep breath, choosing his words carefully. "I trusted you. Now trust me."

Harry walked back to the alley and heard her follow. Whether it was because she understood English or was just downright desperate for information he didn't know. After a moment of deliberation Harry cast a second translation spell. The headache he had been nursing bloomed into a sharp pain behind his eyes. Groaning and pinching the bridge of his nose he began in French, "This is kind of complicated, but I'm a wizard. My job is to apprehend dark wizards that pose a danger to society."

Ladybug glanced at Marcel's prone body. "And he led you here."

Harry nodded. Exhaustion and shame weighed his shoulders. "A bloody great distraction on their part."

"But where's Chat Noir?"

"He, umm." Harry caught the tip of a black tail behind a trash can and sighed. Now he chose to hide? "Oh come on, she's not going to bite you."

Chat Noir slinked out into the open, looking fairly abashed with his ears flat on his head and his tail trailing on the ground. Ladybug looked from the cat to Harry, gobsmacked. Then she shut her mouth with an audible snap. "Is this some kind of joke?"

A meow went up at her, and Ladybug stiffened. Harry laid a hand on her shoulder. There was a tremble making its way through her body. She was just a kid behind the mask, after all. Harry gave a smile he hoped was comforting. "Your partner got hit with a transfiguration spell, but it's still him."

Another meow, insistent and mournful. Ladybug crouched down in front of Chat Noir. She took in his fur, his tail, his paws with a steadily paling face. Then she stared into his green eyes. Recognition allowed her to take in a sharp breath. "Chat, is that really you?"

Chat Noir nodded and put his two front paws on her knee. His eyes flickered to the ground until he mustered up the courage to meet hers. Ladybug let her hand hover over his small head, visibly shaking now. Chat Noir straightened when Ladybug began to tear up. "Look what mess you got yourself in this time."

When her hand still hovered, frozen, Chat Noir leaned into it. Ladybug wiped her tears with the back of her hand but failed to stop the quaking of her shoulders, eventually letting the shock sit her down on the ground. Chat Noir took his comforting one step further and stepped into her lap. He bumped her chin with his head and the purr was enough to startle a chuckle from her.

Harry knelt down at her side. "I'm sorry this happened, but it doesn't have to be permanent."

Ladybug squared her jaw, though her eyes still shined with unshed tears. "So you can fix him?"

How far was Beck at this point? Harry needed to get going. "I need to capture the wizard who did this first, then I'll alert the Parisian

wizards to take care of your partner." Harry was already conjuring a Patronus to send to them. A prance through the rooftops under Paris's bright summer sun would mask it enough from muggle eyes.

Ladybug watched the stag form with detachment, and Chat Noir managed a surprised meow when her arms wrapped around him. She stood, holding Chat Noir against her chest with a protectiveness that reminded Harry of Mrs. Weasley. "I'm not going to give him up to wizards I've never met. He's my partner, not a jacket!"

Chat Noir craned his head, squished as he was, and he flicked his tail in appreciation.

Harry sent the Patronus off to the roofs. He felt Ladybug's stare boring into his back. When he faced her he tried not to let his exasperation show. He really did want to help them. After all the whole mess wouldn't have happened if Harry had done his job back at the Louvre. "I don't know if I can reverse it myself. I don't specialize in Transfiguration, and I could make it worse if the spell he used is something of his own design."

Something beeped. Chat Noir meowed and pawed at one of Ladybug's earrings. She groaned and clutched her ear. Frustrated tears trailed down her cheeks. Just like Mrs. Weasley her face began to turn an indignant shade of pink. "I am not handing him to anyone!"

Harry felt the minutes ticking by. "Alright, we'll talk about this after I actually catch the wizard responsible."

"You mean after we catch him." Another beep. Chat's meow was louder, and Ladybug shot him a watery glare. "And you need to quiet down. Do you really you think my identity is more important than getting you back to normal?"

Chat Noir gaped. His tail stilled. Then he gave her a pleased purr that got her to smile back.

Harry watched it all. Another grin pulled at his lips. How many times had he argued with Ron and Hermione about whose safety was priority? About who was allowed to be the angry one because someone had to try and take charge? "Fine," he relented before he could change his mind. "Take the rooftops and keep close."

* * *

><p>They managed to move a couple of blocks. Chat Noir followed behind him in a steady run, refusing to be carried. There was still no word from the Parisian wizards, but Marcel's bound body was not going anywhere. Plus Harry's shoulders instinctively hunched at the thought of all the muggles that got to witness the battle at the Louvre. The longer he went without that reprimand the better.<p>

A droning beep halted them; Ladybug had to detransform and recharge away from prying eyes, which, much to Harry's surprise, included Chat Noir's. The cat had watched her scurry up a roof with a longing gaze. Harry, sitting against the wall of the building that made up half of their chosen alleyway, looked up from his tracker charm.

"So you guys don't know each other's identities?"

Chat Noir slinked back to him and sat down with a plop. Though his ears twitched, no doubt hearing Ladybug up on the roof, he resolutely maintained his back to his partner. At Harry's question he shook his head. A look at the tracker charm brought on a look of shame.

Harry looked from his wand to Chat Noir. Even as a cat the kid was incredibly expressive. "Hey, don't blame yourself for getting hit with that spell. If Beck wasn't so dangerous he wouldn't have led me through half of Europe." Harry glanced up to the sky, once tinted red but now the pleasant blue of a French summer. "And if it wasn't for you jumping in we would be tracking down two dangerous wizards instead of just one. So, thank you."

A beat of silence stretched on as Chat Noir processed his words with a slow blink. Harry patted him on the head and smiled back when Chat Noir shot him what could only be described as a toothy grin. Harry could tell he was bursting with questions, and maybe after this whole mess was cleared he could entertain his curiosity. Harry owed him that much, at least.

Ladybug's yo-yo zip rent the air, and she landed at their side. The way Chat Noir immediately perked up, ears alert and tail curled, was rather endearing. "Okay, let's go." Maybe she heard their conversation because she shot Chat Noir a playful smirk and added, "Let's show that wizard he picked the wrong city to mess with."

They were off, Chat Noir running with a bounce to his step, occasionally tracking Ladybug on the roofs. Harry kept half his attention on his wand, hidden in the underside of his sleeve, and half on the streets of Paris. Eventually Ladybug passed them and went on ahead with a burst of urgency.

Harry entertained the thought of flying over Paris with his Firebolt until Ladybug returned and perched on a lamppost above their heads. "I think I see him up ahead. Bad hair Looks he'll kill anyone who looks at him funny?"

Harry scoffed. "Sounds like him."

"Only problem is he's inside a café. I can't exactly go up and drag a normal-looking guy out into the street." Ladybug shot the coffee shop a glare. "Even if he looks like scum."

Harry and Chat Noir followed Ladybug as she jumped back on the rooftops. Sidewalks widened into a square dotted with cute shops. The café was a nondescript hole in the wall with too many customers for Harry's liking. Among the businessmen and couples Beck sat inside at a single table. The occasional shifty look through the window should have been enough for someone to ask questions. As it was Beck was studiously ignored.

Settling themselves under the shadows between two clothing stores Harry continued to stare. "Why do I get the feeling that you Parisians are too used to loud supervillians?" he muttered to Chat Noir.

Chat Noir rolled his eyes but otherwise did nothing else to argue. Ladybug lowered herself down with her yo-yo. Her steely stare was locked on Beck nursing a mug of coffee. "Do you think you can get in there and capture him?"

"Doubt it. He looks ready to bolt if someone so much as sneezes near him." Really their best bet may be to wait until Beck decided to leave.

Chat Noir peeked around the corner, studying the café with a pensive tail swing, then came back with a smile that lit up his eyes. He jerked his head to the shop and padded the ground with a meow. Ladybug cocked her head, landing in front of him. "Chat, what's up?"

Another meow, this one low and sounding distinctly like a frustrated groan. Harry raised an eyebrow while Ladybug fought the grin that threatened to spread on her face. Obviously she found it adorable but coughed to sober up and get back to business. "Did you have a plan?"

Chat Noir rested on his haunches, gestured to the café with a sweep of his paw, then indicated himself. Ladybug's smile was wiped off her face. "You're not going in there alone, Chat."

Chat Noir huffed and landed back on all fours. He looked from Harry to Ladybug with a glare that clearly asked them for their non-existent plan. Harry shrugged. "He has a point. Chat Noir's most likely to get past Beck."

"And do what? Scratch him to death?" Ladybug cut off the slightly hysterical tone in her voice and fixed her partner with earnest eyes. Her stare met his. "I don't want you to get hurt."

Chat Noir cocked his head then pointedly looked back at the café and the small, open window he had spotted. Other than his method of entering he couldn't communicate anything else; Chat Noir's tail swished in frustration. Ladybug sighed, running a hand down her face until she tugged at the edge of her mask. "God, kitty, you're too brave for your own good."

"Try and drive him out onto the street," Harry advised, already sizing up the area. He didn't think he could get away with another full-blown, spell-throwing confrontation.

Chat Noir left them to run across the street, Ladybug leaning out as far as she dared before settling back into the shadows. There was an interesting frown on her face that twitched, as though deciding whether to be amused or mad.

"I'm guessing he's always like this?"

Ladybug sighed again. Her fingers played with her yo-yo, tracing the black spots on its surface. "I can't even begin to tell you how many times he's taken hits for me. He's always jumping in without thinking things through." This time she ran a hand through her bangs not out of a frustration but something else that brightened the blue of her eyes. "He was the first person who believed in me."

Fondness lingered in the air long after the words died. Sharp eyes traced the cat jumping into the open window. Harry nodded to himself. "Sounds like he's a good partner."

They watched the café window, not knowing what to expect. Ladybug

shifted at his side. "I wouldn't be able to do this without him."

Ron and Hermione, then Ginny and Neville, flashed in his mind. Have gave her a smile. "I know what you mean."

The café scene kept on playing through its mundane reel of conversations and laptops. Beck decided to rest his eyes on a point somewhere up the street. Ladybug was the first to spot Chat on the top of a refrigerator behind the counter. Black fur blended into the muted forest colors of the wallpaper, and Harry strained to catch Chat Noir slinking to the bookshelf next to it. Belly low to the wood, tail trailing at his heels, he made his way through the back of the café with no one the wiser.

"What is he doing?" Harry muttered, eyes flicking to Beck at one of the tables nearest the door.

When Chat Noir locked his eyes on something Ladybug let out a snort of laughter, catching on. Harry racked his brain for what the small metal plate on the ceiling did when Chat Noir raised himself up and brandished his right paw. A dark mist enveloped it, and with a jump he swiped.

Whatever the magic was it corroded the metal faster than Harry could blink, turning it an ugly shade of bronze. When Chat Noir landed a piercing alarm rang out that shocked everyone out of their conversations. Beck jumped and grappled for his wand, but he was pushed to his feet and out the door by panicked patrons and staff. Chat Noir, all the while, weaved through their legs and emerged outside.

Harry and Ladybug tore from the shadows, Ladybug throwing her yo-yo at one particular customer with a wand. Beck swiveled in place and raised his hand. Chat Noir took his chance and tangled himself in his legs. Beck lost his balance and was promptly wrapped up in the yo-yo's string.

The patrons took one look at Ladybug reeling in the struggling man and cleared out of the area. Harry let out a low whistle of appreciation. Ladybug's reputation went a long way.

With a harsh tug Beck faceplanted the street. "And stay down," Ladybug growled, digging the heel of her foot into his side.

Harry picked up Beck's wand: Mahogany, eleven inches. Great pliability for Transfiguration. Pocketing it he knelt down and fixed Beck with the best wry smile he could muster. "End of the line."

Chat Noir came up, the mischievous sparkle in his eyes subdued with something colder. He bared his fangs and hissed. Beck merely chuckled and took in his work with an appraising eye. "Liking the fur coat, kitty cat?"

He yelped when Ladybug tightened her strings. "Tell us how to reverse it."

Beck laughed. He craned his head to catch Ladybug's eyes with his own. He trapped her gaze and reveled in her sharp intake of breath.

"Sweetie, do you really think that's going to convince me?"

Ladybug's grip tightened on the strings. Harry stepped closer in case he had to intervene. Ladybug didn't notice his approach. She leaned over Beck and snarled, "Why youâ€!"

"That won't be necessary."

They all turned. Two people strode over, wands hanging loosely from their hands. They emitted a sense of magic, filling the air with a faint hum that didn't belong in muggle Paris. Ladybug numbly righted herself, a shiver making her lock her knees.

"Mr. Potter," the first one acknowledged in French. His muggle clothes were as unremarkable as Harry's own, but there was a flash of a magicked badge under the front of his jacket. The wizard regarded Harry with open interest that smoothed out the wrinkles on his face. "Pleasure to meet you. Fabrice Lyon, Head Auror of the French Counsel."

"Pleasure," Harry said in return, shaking hands and bringing every transgression he had committed that day to mind.

Lyon gestured to the woman that began to magically bind Beck; Ladybug retracted her yo-yo and stiffly stood beside Harry. "This is Nadia Sergeant, our leading Parisian Auror and the receiver of your Patronus."

Sergeant nodded, and Harry returned it in kind. Ladybug and Chat Noir traded their own bemused glances. Lyon paid them no heed. He only addressed Harry, all business. "We already transported Mr. Marcel Leclerc into custody. I presume you have his wand?"

"Oh yes." Harry fished it out. "And, sir, there'sâ€"

"And we're going to have to create a wide range Obliviate spell and something to disrupt those pesky electronic devices. Your stay in Paris has certainly proven eventful. Not that I expected anything less," he added when Harry opened his mouth.

Snapping his jaw shut Harry counted to ten before speaking again. It seemed, foreign or not, government officials loved to hear themselves talk. "I appreciate it that, sir. However they," and he made a point to not continue until Lyon's eyes were firmly on Ladybug, "are in need of your assistance. Beck Transfigured Chat Noir."

At this Lyon's eyes snapped to the black cat at Ladybug's feet. "Oh, this is rather unexpected." Chat Noir flicked his tail once, not quite sure what to make of that. "Your bad luck seems to proceed you, even in wizarding matters." At this Chat Noir huffed, letting his eyes settle on his paws.

Ladybug scooped him up into her arms. She eyed Lyon, fingers protectively twining into Chat Noir's fur. "Sir, can this be fixed?"

"Why certainly," he replied with no small amount of impatience. Harry wondered whether this man gave two Nargles about these kids. "Of course, we'll need to take him with us and make sure everything goes

smoothly."

Ladybug stiffened and took a step back. Clear suspicion hardened her eyes and tightened her hold. "I'm not handing him over. We have our identities to protect." Glancing at Harry her glare softened. "He can do it, can't he?"

Affronted Lyon fixed his hold on his wand. "Miss,"â€" blatant disregard for her title,â€" "Mr. Potter here is not sufficiently trained in these matters. Your partner's wellbeing will be better off in our hands. He will be returned to you in his normal state."

Harry doubted this man had ever talked to someone with the intent to comfort. "Mr. Lyon, I've already agreed to personally apply the Untransfiguration spell. Wouldn't it be a simple matter of communicating the spell to me through Patronus once it's found?"

He was toeing a line, he knew it, if he hadn't already crossed it by getting involved with Ladybug and Chat Noir. Lyon's frown was a taut line that banished any kindness in his eyes. "You do not need to concern yourself with the matters of superheroes." He said the word like a curse, and Ladybug took a visible step back. Chat Noir let out a hiss.

"With all due respect, sir," Harry began, anger smoothing out his words into a dangerous calm, "without Ladybug and Chat Noir these two wizards would not be in custody. I owe it to them to help them."

"I see."

There was a terse hush that Seargent chose to escape by Apparating, Beck's sneering face blinking out of Harry's peripheral. Ladybug and Chat Noir were silent. Ladybug's expression was a mixture of rage, apprehension, and growing dread. Chat Noir's sharp eyes were on Harry. Open and honest Harry knew he had his complete trust.

"Mr. Potter." Lyon picked at invisible dust on his slacks. "Expect a Patronus shortly. I trust you know what you're doing."

A dismissive response because he didn't care about Chat Noir's wellbeing at all. He didn't care about a magic he clearly could not explain nor produce. Harry would bet every last Galleon in his vault that Ladybug and Chat Noir's strange magic prevented them from being Obliviated. Why else would Lyon be so cryptic? So hostile?

Lyon stiffly held out his hand. "Beck's wand, Mr. Potter."

Throwing it would be petty. Harry let it drop into his hand without breaking eye contact. Lyon Apparated not a second later.

* * *

><p>"I can't believe you were still able to use Cataclysm."<p>

Chat Noir looked very pleased with himself. With his tail and chin held high he looked as smug as any other cat being rained with praise. Ladybug petted his head, laughing when he leaned into her touch. Her smile came easier now, and she sat cross-legged to let him lean against her side.

They were on the roof of one of the tallest buildings in Paris. Privacy for superheroes was apparently attained by going up as high as possible. The general hubbub of cars and Parisians was a low murmur, like the constant beating of a heart. Ladybug's face was the only thing Harry saw against the backdrop of the sky.

She directed her smile at him. "Thank you for helping us, Mr. Potter." Chat Noir bowed his head in agreement.

The words eased the incredible headache pounding in his temples. "Please, call me Harry."

They shook hands, Ladybug's grip strong and firm. This was the superhero that risked life and limb for Paris, and it showed. Then her grip slackened with insecurity. "So, wizards, huh?"

Harry sighed, letting his hand drop. "Yes, wizards. We're not supposed to reveal ourselves to non-magic folk, but it was pretty unavoidable today."

Everything caught up to her, and Ladybug's eyes blew wide. "Wow, that's crazy." Her eyes trailed to the sky. The city-wide Obliviate had swept the city in a pale orange haze ten minutes ago. ("It's kinda like Miraculous Ladybug," she had murmured to Chat Noir.)

"You guys weren't meant to get involved." Now that Harry had time to sit down and think about it all the guilt was sharper, bringing out Ladybug's teenage face and Chat Noir's feline features. Harry waved his hand to try and make some kind of sense. "That's kind of my job, actually: keeping the peace."

Ladybug shrugged, bracing her hands on her knees and leaning forward. "We've kind of accepted when we took this job that weird things are just going to happen." Her smile became strained. "This is just a new kind of weird."

Chat Noir laid down, rested his head on his paws, and gave a meow in the affirmative.

They sat in silence long enough for Harry to confirm that Lyon was trying to prolong this as long as possible. "Not all of us wizards are as pompous as the one you met," he said.

Chat Noir pinned his ears back and growled low in his throat. Ladybug crossed her arms. "I figured as much. I'm just glad we have a good one on our side."

They were interrupted by the sound of flapping wings. An ethereal falcon, almost invisible against the sunlight, landed between them, and with no permeable opened its beak to let out Lyon's voice. It was as dry and emotionless as Harry suspected it would be; it repeated the Untransfiguration spell as though Lyon was reading the latest tax laws. Harry started to practice the wand movements that were being recited and didn't make it halfway when the falcon shut its beak and flew away.

Harry finished the flick with a definitive glare. "At least that's taken care of." He turned to the superheroes and motioned for Chat Noir to come closer. "Okay, let's turn you back."

Chat Noir lifted his head but made no move to walk over. Pupils like saucers he was transfixed by Harry's wand. Ladybug took in the utter stillness that had befallen him, concern washing over her. "Hey, Chat." She put a gentle hand on his back. "It'll be okay. You trust Harry, right?"

Trust him he did; Chat Noir was an open book. It was the magic that had him curling his tail around his body for comfort. Harry read the question on her face before she could will the courage to ask it. "No, it won't hurt."

Chat Noir took another look at him, fear playing under the green of his eyes. This time around Harry found himself wanting to help more out of want than obligation. The comforting smile came naturally. "Chat Noir, I promise it won't hurt."

Steeling himself Chat Noir walked and sat in front of him. Ladybug scooted back.

Harry recited the words of the Untransfiguration spell once in his head then a second time aloud with jerky movements he hoped were good enough. Chat Noir was briefly bathed in a wash of white light, and then he jerked, very human hands going back to support him.

"Wow," he let out on a breath. Chat Noir straightened and looked at his claw-tipped gloves. For extra assurance he tugged at his leather ears. The grin he shot Ladybug was absolutely infectious. "I'm back, My Lady."

Ladybug was fixed to the spot, mouth agape. She twisted her hands on her lap and struggled with an inner battle that worried her bottom lip. Finally she threw herself towards him, wrapping him in a hug that nestled her face into the crook of his neck. "Don't you get yourself turned into a cat again. Got it?"

Harry chuckled when Chat Noir turned to him, as if asking if such a promise was possible. Eventually he returned the hug, melting into it with a content sigh. When Ladybug leaned back Chat Noir raised his eyebrows, holding one hand up. "I promise to never end up in that catastrophe again."

That earned him a punch to the shoulder. "Oh my God, Chat. You're horrible."

They laughed in complete and utter relief. A sharp beep had Chat Noir looking down at the ring on his finger. Ladybug smiled. "Time for you to go home, kitty. You deserve it."

He stood up and stretched. Ladybug and Harry got to their feet and watched as Chat Noir marveled at how high off the ground he was. He sighed, shoulders dropping dramatically. "I agree. A catnap is definitely in order." And this time he was able to dodge her punch.

"I never said I missed your puns."

Chat Noir laughed then faced Harry. Just like when he was a cat his eyes hid nothing. Gratitude shone and weaved into his words. "Thanks for helping me out. I know it wasn't your job to help some random superhero in a catsuit, but you still did."

"Just like it wasn't your job to go after a dark wizard?" he threw back with a grin.

Chat Noir smiled at that. He was just as young as Ladybug, smile stretching his boyish cheeks. Chat Noir ran a hand through his messy bangs and exchanged a grin with Ladybug that told of dozens of reckless fights. "LB may have mentioned once or twice I'm a bit reckless."

Harry rolled his eyes. "My friends have said the same thing about me. I've always had a hero complex."

"And that's why you hunt down evil wizards." Chat Noir's ring beeped again, but he paid it no mind.

Harry took a good look at Paris's superhero duo. They were people, not an assignment. Their smiles felt better than a pat on the back for a job well done. "I guess it is."

Harry fiddled with his wand. Beck would be transferred to London. Chat Noir was back to his old self. His job was done. There was no reason to hang around.

"Do you need me to drop you off anywhere?" Ladybug offered.

"No, I can Apparate from here." When he got confused looks Harry mimed popping into thin air with his hands. "Like what you saw before."

"Right." Neither Ladybug nor Chat Noir moved.

Harry sucked in a deep breath and gave himself a mental nod. Muggles or not they deserved more than him vanishing without a parting word. "It really was a pleasure to meet both of you. What you do here, saving people from those villains, is really admirable. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise." His grip on his wand tightened. "And please be careful."

By the way their eyes widened and their faces flushed Harry doubted many Parisians actively told them to be safe. Muggles probably saw them as invincible. Harry saw two kids with a couple of tricks up their sleeves and bravery that rivaled his.

"Thank you. We'll be careful." Chat Noir held out his hand, and Harry took it. Equals, fighters, they nodded to each other.

"And you be careful, too," Ladybug added. She came up and surprised him with a hug. Full of warmth and trust he felt it long after they stepped back.

Harry took in their earnest faces. "I will," he promised.

Giving them parting waves he Apparated. In an instant his hotel room came into view. Outside he could hear the scattered chatter of passing tourists.

Paris was a city of wonder, and now he knew why.

* * *

><p>And that's that! I hope you guys enjoyed this little two-parter because I sure did. It'll be cool to write something longer for these two fandoms, but I'll leave that thought for another day.<p>

Thank you to everyone who followed this!

EDIT: Actually, a longer sequel is now in the works! Look out for that in the near future.

End
file.